

RAISULI THE BANDIT

**Captor of MacLean and
Ion Perdicaris, and Trouble-
maker for the Sultan of
Morocco, the German
Emperor and
the President
of France**

**Caid
MacLean**

RAISULI, the Moroccan bandit chief, is a wise man, though not a better one, than he used to be. Formerly he made the mistake of kidnapping now and then a poor and unimportant person. Now he goes after personages—such men as have money themselves to pay for ransom or such as occupy positions so important that their ransoms must be paid by the government of Morocco to avoid entangling alliances. His exploit in carrying off Ion Perdicaris, American citizen, three years ago is a case in illustration. His latest adventure, that of capturing the commander in chief of the sultan's army, Sir Henry MacLean, the Scottish knight who many years ago cast his lot with the Moors, is another. Raisuli is a diplomat in banditry.

A Medieval Catthroat.

Much has been written concerning this Moroccan bandit. Lady journalists have rushed over him because he is a drama of picturesque events. They have been misled in many particulars. Raisuli in terms of efficiency is a medieval catthroat. The truth about the man, and the evidence pro and con, is that he is simply a medieval catthroat. The truth about the man, and the evidence pro and con, is that he is simply a medieval catthroat. The truth about the man, and the evidence pro and con, is that he is simply a medieval catthroat.

He is a product of his country and his age—the medieval age. It is well to bear in mind this fact in discussing the bandit Raisuli, the most disturbing personal element now in European politics. In the United States we have had men known as bandits. Jesse James of Missouri was perhaps the most conspicuous representative of the class. But between Jesse James and Raisuli there is a gulf of difference so vast that comparison is impossible. James belonged to modern civilization. In his boyhood he became a guerrilla soldier in the civil war, and his outlawry resulted directly from that experience and its consequences in his individual case. Raisuli belongs to an ancient barbarism. His outlawry is a part of the prevailing system in Morocco, not merely the result of an episode in warfare. It has been said of Morocco that the inhabitants are of two classes only—the rich and the poor. The rich collect taxes, the poor, called by the name of brigands, collect the taxes of the rich. The brigands collect their means of livelihood in like manner.

Why Raisuli Goes Free.

Why doesn't the Moroccan government capture or kill Raisuli? That question occurs to the average mind. The answer is that Raisuli is an adept in the art of reprisal. Let Morocco capture Raisuli and the brigand's followers would sweep down and carry off Moroccan officials by wholesale.

Let Morocco kill Raisuli and the posthumous vengeance of the chief would be a demand for a high ransom. Raisuli worked five months in filling his way to freedom, but some of his chains still remained on his body, and he was recaptured. He was returned to prison and was released after two years more of cruel confinement. The man declares that he made a solemn vow never to cut his hair until he had wreaked full vengeance upon those who had caused his captivity.

Descendant of the Prophet.

Raisuli is about forty years old. He is descended from the ancient aristocracy of Morocco. It is said, in fact, that he is a descendant of the holy prophet himself, and he makes a strong point of being a consistent Mohammedan. He was educated for a religious career, but early in his youth he discovered that cattle stealing was more profitable. In Morocco, it should be remembered, cattle stealing is not so deeply under the ban as it is in the United States. That sort of robbery was a part of the medievalism of England, and it is a part of the present day medievalism of Morocco. Raisuli was in high favor with the powers that be in his native land apparently, but the basha of Tangier disliked him. The young man was invited to a state conference. He was seized while sitting at table, chains were riveted about his neck, his hands and feet were loaded with gyves, and he was thrust into a fetid dungeon.

There he lay four years in chains. A friend outside finally introduced a file in a piece of bread. Raisuli worked five months in filling his way to freedom, but some of his chains still remained on his body, and he was recaptured. He was returned to prison and was released after two years more of cruel confinement. The man declares that he made a solemn vow never to cut his hair until he had wreaked full vengeance upon those who had caused his captivity.

About eight years ago Raisuli descended from his mountain fastness to the outskirts of Tangier. There lived an old man, an Italian, who was reputed to be a miser. He wore shabby clothes and appeared to be poor. But the gossip of the neighborhood declared that he had much hidden wealth. With him lived his daughter, her husband and their two little children. Raisuli and his followers entered this home and demanded the old man's hidden treasure. He was told that the family was poor; that the story of miserliness was a falsehood. The bandit killed the father of the children. He carried off the little ones, sending back a demand for a high ransom. The old man in despair besought the bandits to search his premises. He had nothing. In time the children were brutally murdered by the bandit in his disgust at failure.

Capture of Harris.

Walter B. Harris is an English millionaire who lives in Tangier and incidentally represents the London Times as correspondent. He is a close friend of the young sultan of Morocco. Four years ago he was captured by Raisuli and carried off to the mountains. The brigand demanded a ransom, which Harris refused. After two weeks of captivity the robber chief determined to bring his victim to terms. He entered the room where Harris was confined, threw down on the floor the headless trunk of a man he had murdered and informed the prisoner that this horrible thing would be his roommate until he arranged the ransom. Harris stood it for a whole week. He possessed a

large measure of good old British nerve, but at last he capitulated, and the ransom was paid. Mr. Harris is a reputable citizen, and he has told this story in detail, yet there are those who call Raisuli a highborn gentleman. Raisuli's next important catch was Ion Perdicaris, an American citizen. He grew up in Trenton, N. J., where he still owns a large part of the gas works. He is rich enough to live where he pleases. For thirty years or more he lived in Tangier, was noted for his kindness to the poor, had visited the horrible prisons of Morocco, giving comfort and aid to the inmates, and had written books and plays and painted pictures. He was known well in America and England.

Raisuli and Perdicaris.

Perdicaris had entertained Raisuli at his home, and Raisuli was his friend, as he thought. One night the brigand pounced down upon Perdicaris and his stepson, Oliver Cromwell Varley, a British subject, descended from the great protector, and carried the two men off to the mountains. Raisuli was kind enough to his captives. He astonished them by asking them what they would take—in the case of wine. The brigand brought forth fresh cases of champagne from the coolness of a mountain spring and apologized because he had no ice. He was truly polite. Then he sent word to the sultan of Morocco that unless that dignitary sent him \$55,000, dismissed the governor of Tangier and released all of Raisuli's followers who were in prison the "gentleman bandit" would proceed forthwith to kill the American citizen and the British subject whom he had the pleasure of entertaining as his guests. Raisuli, as has been stated, is a diplomatic bandit. He knew what would happen to Morocco if the sultan did not accede to



A Slave

his terms. What happened was this: John Hay was our secretary of state. He sent to the sultan this message: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." The sultan smiled a sickly smile. "Raisuli dead!" He did not dare even attempt to kill Raisuli. It must be Perdicaris alive. Uncle Sam's warships appeared in the harbor, for the first time in Moroccan waters since Stephen Decatur just a hundred years before sailed thither and thrashed the Barbary pirates. British warships also appeared. Raisuli knew all this would happen. He had no particular desire to kill his kind friend Perdicaris, but he did have a particular desire to get some of the sultan's money and to procure the dismissal of his enemy, the governor.

Coerced by a Brigand.

In just one day after Hay's historic message reached the sultan Perdicaris and Varley were restored to liberty. The sultan yielded every point asked by Raisuli. The warships, of course, could not have harmed Raisuli, but they could and would have blown up a few Moroccan ports if Perdicaris, American, had been harmed. Thus the brigand coerced his own government by bringing about an international complication. He compelled Theodore Roosevelt and John Hay to compel the sultan to stand and deliver. It was a most extraordinary episode. History furnishes none other like it. In no other country perhaps could such a thing happen in the twentieth century. All of which shows that Raisuli, no matter what his personal qualities, is a highly interesting person and one with whom the nations of the world must reckon, whether they like it or not.

A Superior Native.

It appears that Perdicaris since his release has been the chief apologist for Raisuli. He said recently: "You ask me to state what I think should be done with Raisuli. I have always advocated his own scheme—namely, that the powers represented at Tangier should arrange with the sultan the appointment of Raisuli as governor of Tangier itself." Perdicaris goes on to say that Raisuli when appointed governor of Tangier, the district immediately surrounding Tangier, shortly after the American's release, kept his promise, restored the roads and established a degree of order in that district which had not been known for years. "Raisuli," he declares, "is superior to any native I have ever met. In natural character, except, perhaps, the late sultan." JAMES E. STILES.

The Romance of Reclamation—An American Epic; Wonderful Work Now Being Done by Irrigation

THE Romance of Reclamation—what a title for an epic tale of empire building in America! When it is written, it will be the great American epic, infinitely more soul satisfying than any light summer fiction or even the great American novel. The forthcoming session of the fifteenth national irrigation congress at Sacramento, Cal., from Sept. 2 to 7 is an incident in the epic. The four great objects of this congress, as stated in the official circular, are "to save the forests, store the floods, reclaim the deserts and make homes on the land."

Where is there a finer and fuller program of human endeavor? Some time in the future there may be a new American holiday, called Reclamation day, for June 17, 1902, was the date of the passage of the Carey land reclamation act of congress. Under the provisions of this act the money received from the sale of government lands were to be set aside for the reclamation of the great American desert, or rather the several deserts or semideserts, by irrigation. Approximately \$10,000,000 is already on hand for this vast work. Already twenty-five large reclamation projects are under way. Ten thousand men are working on dams and ditches. More than 2,000,000 acres of land now practically desert and worthless will be watered by these engineering works. Hundreds of thousands of farm homes will blossom in the deserts—deserts no longer, but beautiful agricultural areas. Hundreds of towns will spring up along the water canals and beside the immense artificial lakes. Increased farm products running up into billions of dollars will result. Hope and health and opportunity for human happiness will be augmented beyond any statistical computation.

Good Business Move.

Now, isn't there an epic in all this? But this is not all of the story—not half, by any means. The foregoing figures relate to work already in progress and to be completed within three or four years. The ultimate reclamation of the American arid lands is valued by the interior department at about 70,000,000 acres. So successful in its beginnings is this reclamation work, so splendid a business proposition is it

for Uncle Sam, that there is no question as to its continuation until the ultimate and final acre of thirst cursed soil shall be watered and occupied. This may require twenty years or more. It will cost perhaps \$2,000,000,000. Frightful risk of money? Not at all. The United States government is not spending a dollar that will be charged up to

profits in taxes, having increased the taxable wealth of the country by billions of dollars. Billions is meant, not millions.

It costs about \$30 to reclaim an acre of land by giving it a drink when it gets thirsty. The land unirrigated is worth a dollar an acre or nothing. Irrigated it is worth at once from \$60 to

the reclamation projects to refrain from using enthusiastic superlatives. The superlatives, as the diagnosing doctor would say, are "indicated." These reclaimed millions of acres of our own interior possessions will be worth more to the United States than the Philippine archipelago many times multiplied. We are annexing by engineering an im-

duces more abundantly and more variably than the rain watered lands of the rich Mississippi valley. This has been demonstrated beyond doubt in the considerable spots already irrigated and settled. Just as soon as an irrigation plant is put in operation the home hungry farmers rush in and develop the land. They are eager to occupy it, for

and grease wood or perhaps some scraggly buffalo grass. The new grass—the alfalfa in six to ten cuttings annually—the wheat, the orchard and berry products pay for the land and the water, and the farmers and their families live happily ever after.

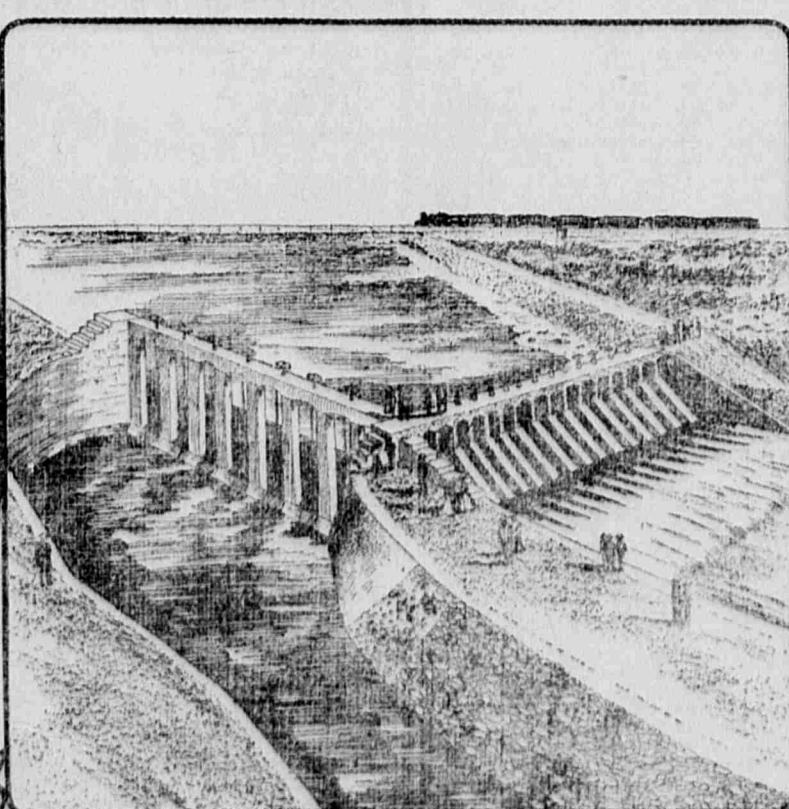
This is the age of engineering. Our government engineers for years past have been studying the problem of supplying water to parched land areas. Those snow fed rivers going to waste are being harnessed, their waters dammed and stored for systematic outlet to the land. They do the seas no good, but they reclaim and develop the lands. Engineers are now in the act of transforming into highly productive farms a series of desert areas in great quantities, hardware of every description, plans in goodly number, building materials by the carload, barbed wire, woven fencing, wire netting, groceries and provisions, canned goods, mercantile stocks and everything that is needed to supply human wants, both the necessities and the luxuries. These things are bought, not by carloads alone, but by train loads, and usually they are cash purchases.

Thus do New England, New York, the south, the middle west, all manufacturing centers, profit by the opening of new agricultural regions in the western states. The reclamation act is as far removed from class legislation as the moon is from the earth. It is purely a benevolent and beneficent piece of legislation, and one of the many good things about it is that this act of congress which "appropriates" many millions is not pouring money into a rat hole, but is investing it at a sure return of many hundreds per cent.

To Meet at Sacramento. When the fifteenth national irrigation congress meets at Sacramento with Governor George E. Chamberlain of Oregon as president and other deeply earnest and progressive men from all parts of the country as delegates, it will be well worth while for American citizens in every state to read the proceedings of this convention and enjoy an interesting canto in the great American epic—the Romance of Reclamation. ROBERTUS LOVE.



HON. GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN.



THE TRUCKEE-CARSON DAM.



AN IRRIGATION DITCH.

BRIEF ITEMS.

The United States has the largest foreign population. Argentina, where twelve out of every 100 are foreigners, ranks second.

A German invention promises a new era in the production of lead pencils. In the new process of manufacture a composition made principally from the

potato takes the place of the cedar in the pencil.

Large beds of oysters have been

discovered in the Unalakleet lagoon, on the Zuluian coast, and a Johannesburg syndicate has been formed to develop the industry. It is proposed to export the oysters to London.

During the last session of the house of representatives a dove, purple in color, flew gracefully into the hall and hovered high over the heads of the legislators. Naturally the question

arose as to whether it was the dove of peace. Some of the members earnestly hoped that it was.

Manago Toyosaka of the Japanese Mitsui bank says that women make most of the goods exported from Japan. Male workmen versed in mathematical and mechanical knowledge are becoming experts in new branches of industry, such as ship-

building and ironworking, in which they display the greatest patience. In the tea, silk weaving and light industrial female labor is invariably required.

Though New Zealand bought \$505,455 worth of pianos, \$28,665 worth of organs and harmoniums and \$98,115 worth of other musical instruments, including materials, in 1906, in all \$632,225 worth of musical instruments in that year, the United States only contributed \$7,240 worth.

Germany furnished \$24,775 worth and Great Britain \$35,250 worth. Great Britain makes 20 per cent of valium duty, and all other countries, except British possessions, have to pay 30 per cent.

Nuremberg still has over 1,700 houses that were built before the sev-

enteenth century and 3,537 built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

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